MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
$1.00 US
$1.25 CAN
273
MID NOV
02459
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY
JR JR & AW

BEAUTIFUL!
HOW MUCH DID ALL THIS COST?
STAN LEE presents
THE BILLION DOLLAR ASHTRAY
by
ANN NOCENTI WRITER
JOHN ROMITA JR PENCILS
AL WILLIAMSON INKS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
MAX SCHEELE COLORS
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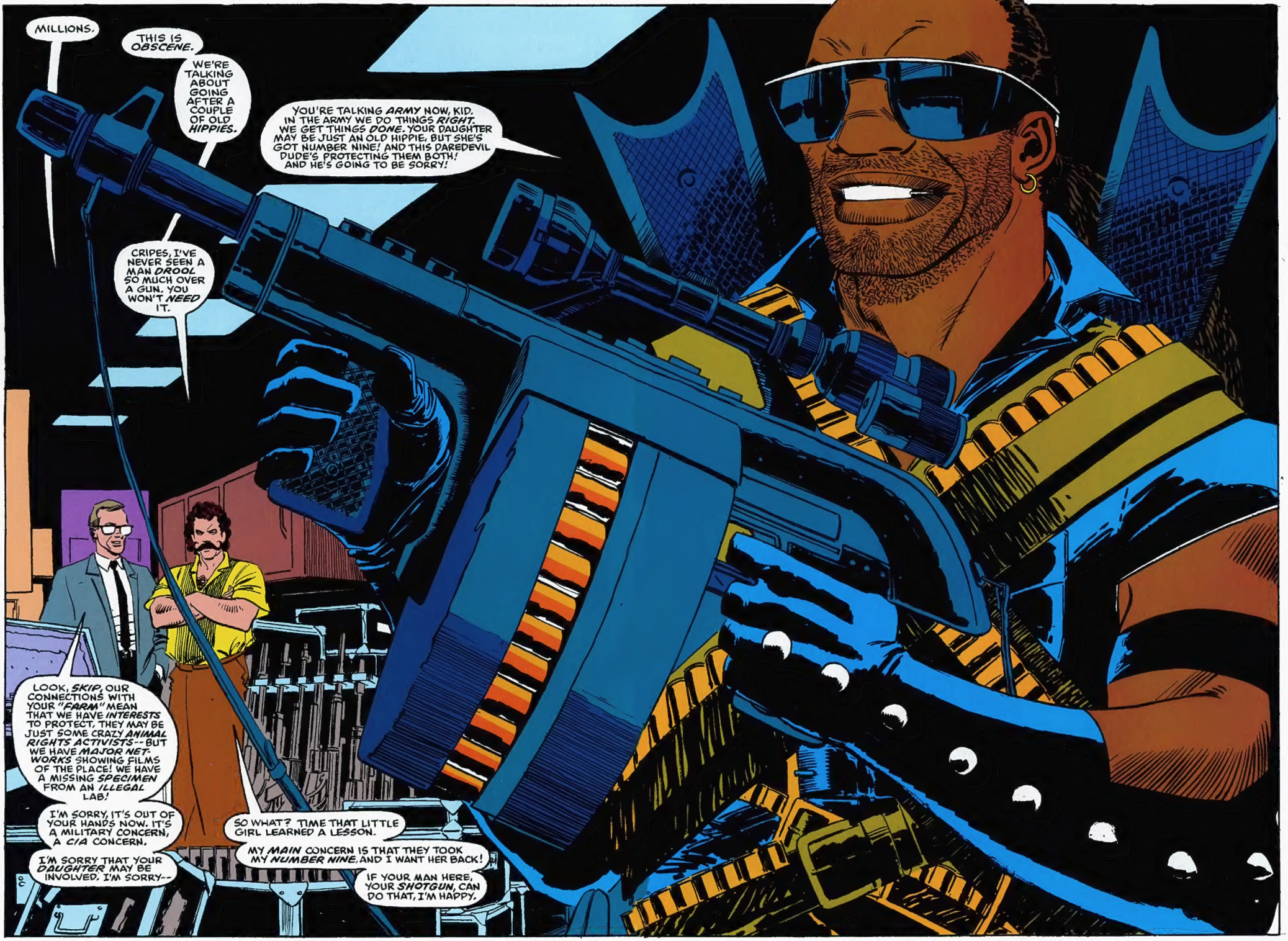
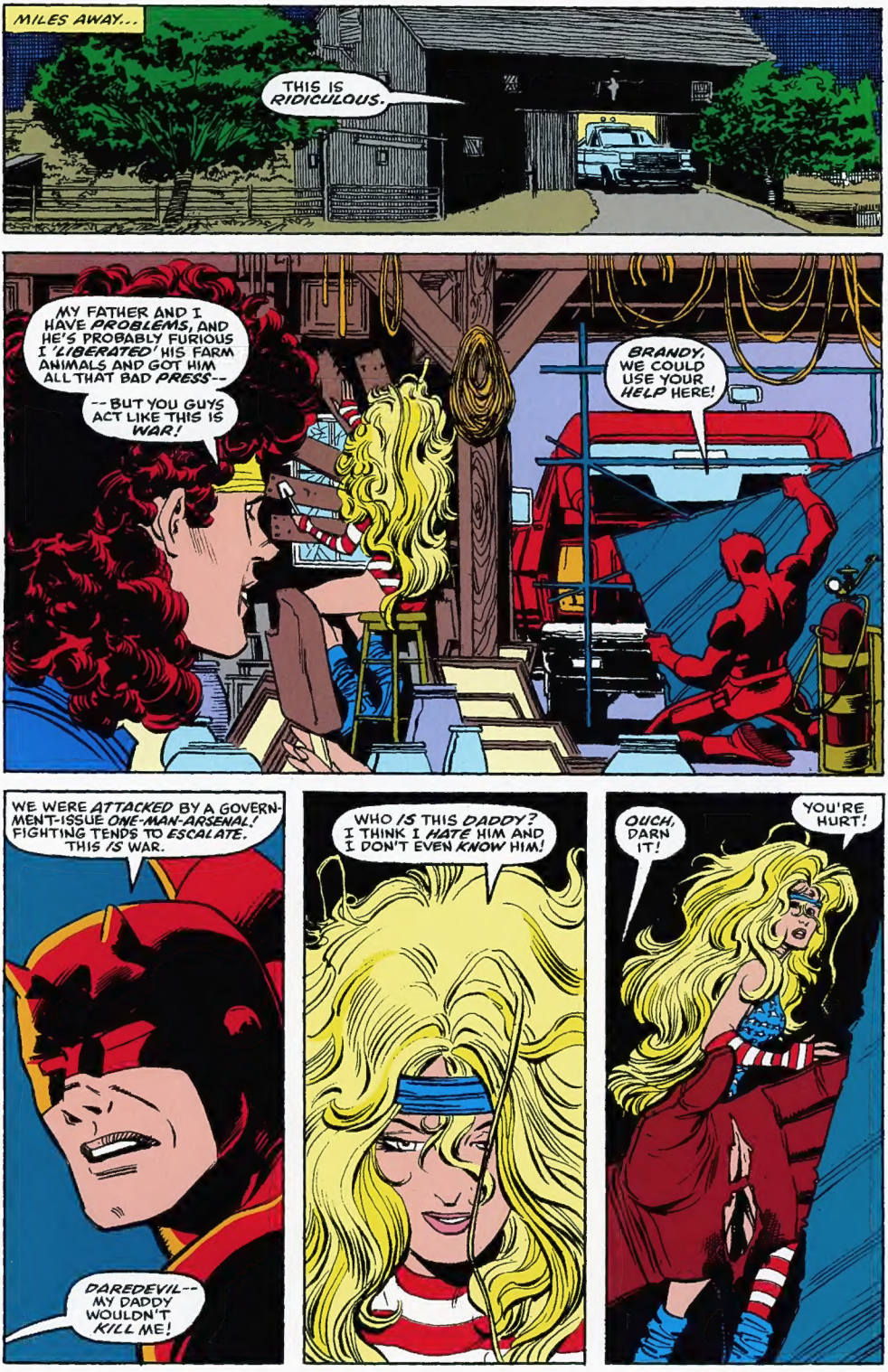
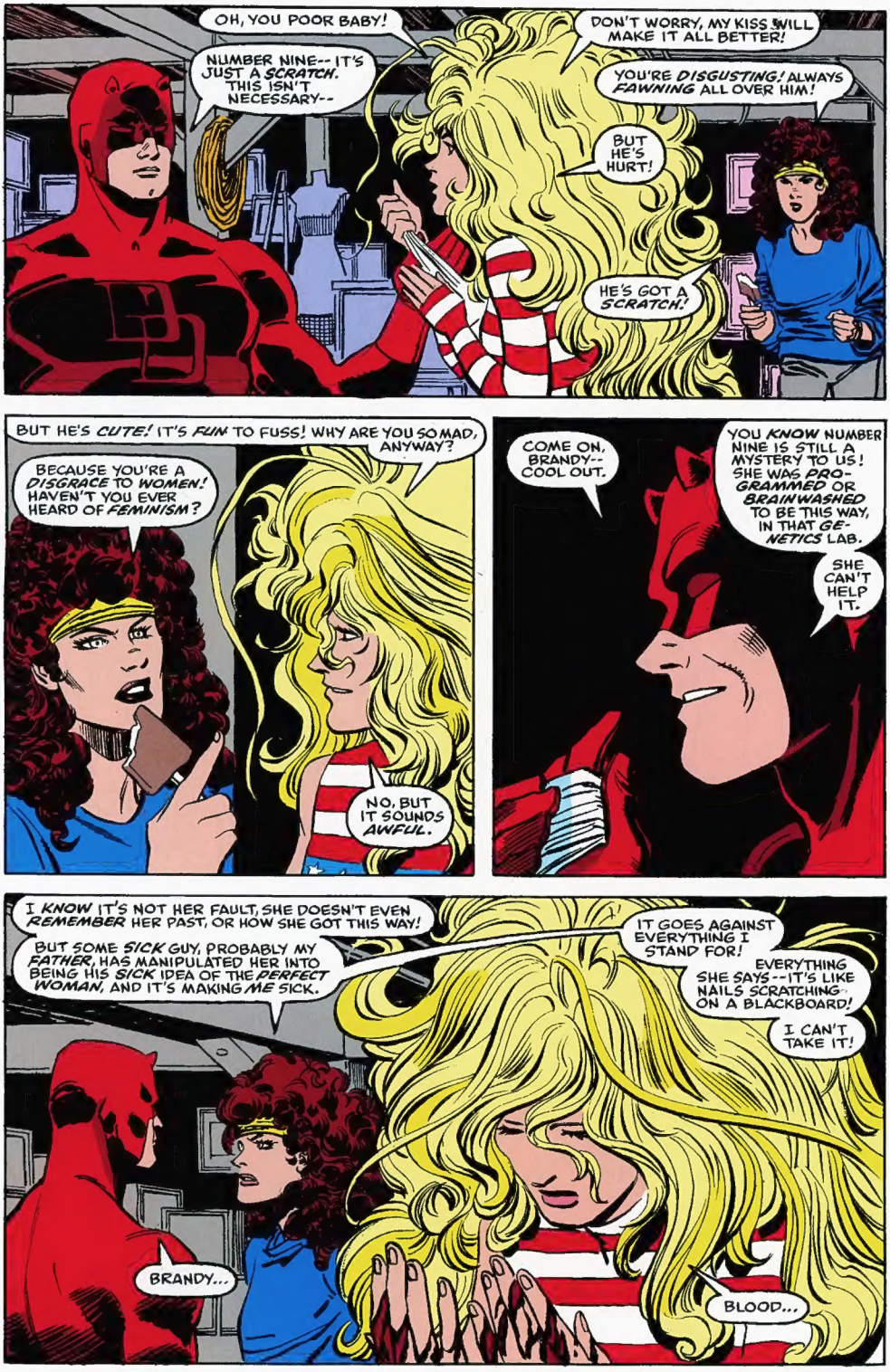
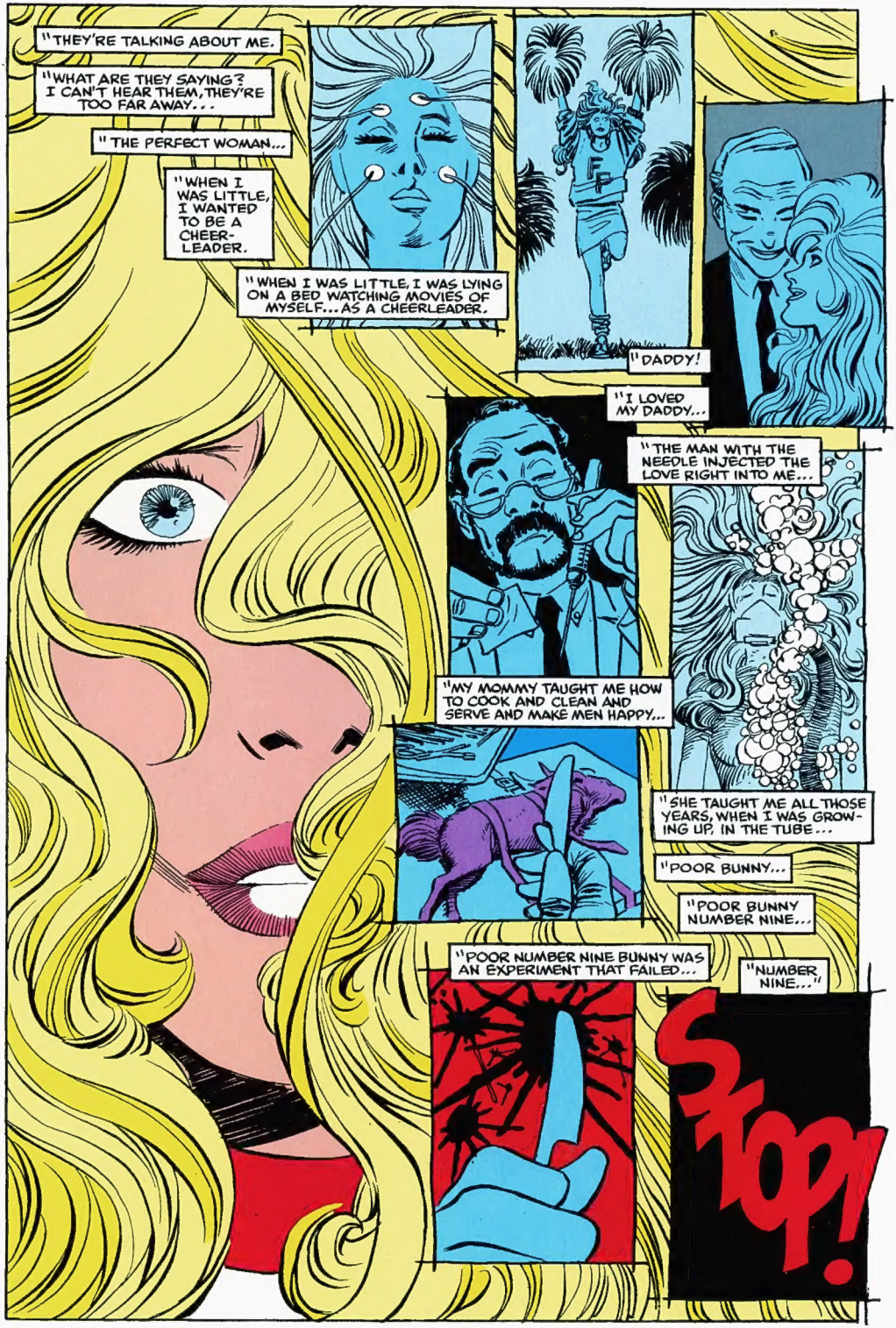
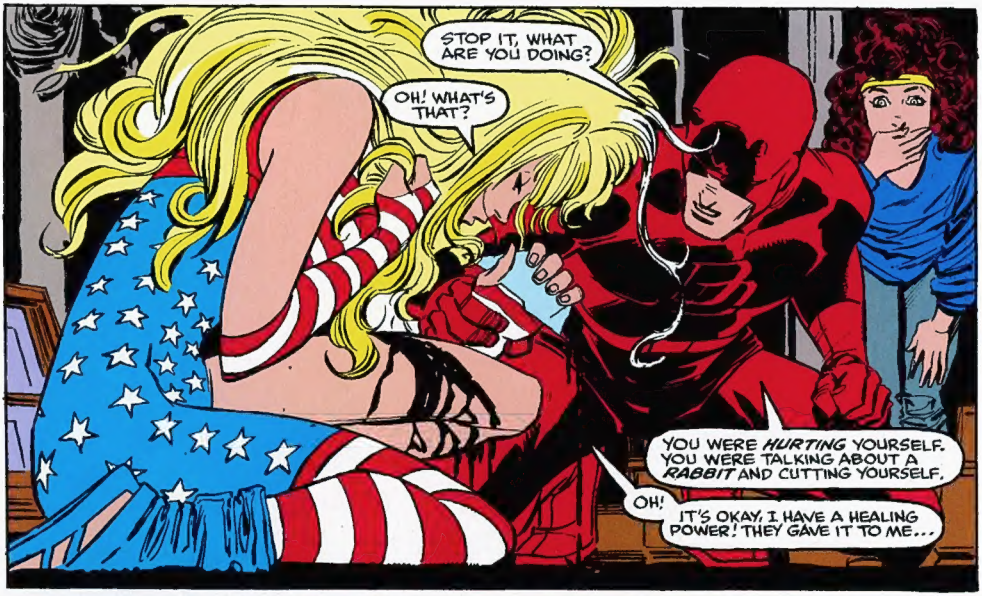

MILLIONS.
THIS IS OBSCENE.
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT GOING AFTER A COUPLE OF OLD HIPPIES.
YOU'RE TALKING ARMY NOW, KID. IN THE ARMY WE DO THINGS RIGHT. WE GET THINGS DONE. YOUR DAUGHTER MAY BE JUST AN OLD HIPPIE, BUT SHE'S GOT NUMBER NINE! AND THIS DAREDEVIL DUDE'S PROTECTING THEM BOTH! AND HE'S GOING TO BE SORRY!
CRIPES, I'VE NEVER SEEN A MAN DROOL SO MUCH OVER A GUN. YOU WON'T NEED IT.
LOOK, SKIP, OUR CONNECTIONS WITH YOUR "FARM" MEAN THAT WE HAVE INTERESTS TO PROTECT. THEY MAY BE JUST SOME CRAZY ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS--BUT WE HAVE MAJOR NETWORKS SHOWING FILMS OF THE PLACE! WE HAVE A MISSING SPECIMEN FROM AN ILLEGAL LAB!
I'M SORRY, IT'S OUT OF YOUR HANDS NOW. IT'S A MILITARY CONCERN, A CIA CONCERN.
I'M SORRY THAT YOUR DAUGHTER MAY BE INVOLVED. I'M SORRY--
SO WHAT? TIME THAT LITTLE GIRL LEARNED A LESSON.
MY MAIN CONCERN IS THAT THEY TOOK MY NUMBER NINE, AND I WANT HER BACK!
IF YOUR MAN HERE, YOUR SHOTGUN, CAN DO THAT, I'M HAPPY.


MILES AWAY...
THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
MY FATHER AND I HAVE PROBLEMS, AND HE'S PROBABLY FURIOUS I 'LIBERATED' HIS FARM ANIMALS AND GOT HIM ALL THAT BAD PRESS--
--BUT YOU GUYS ACT LIKE THIS IS WAR!
BRANDY, WE COULD USE YOUR HELP HERE!
WE WERE ATTACKED BY A GOVERNMENT-ISSUE ONE-MAN-ARSENAL! FIGHTING TENDS TO ESCALATE. THIS IS WAR.
DAREDEVIL-- MY DADDY WOULDN'T KILL ME!
WHO IS THIS DADDY? I THINK I HATE HIM AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM!
OUCH, DARN IT!
YOU'RE HURT!


OH, YOU POOR BABY!
NUMBER NINE-- IT'S JUST A SCRATCH. THIS ISN'T NECESSARY--
DON'T WORRY, MY KISS WILL MAKE IT ALL BETTER!
YOU'RE DISGUSTING! ALWAYS FAWNING ALL OVER HIM!
BUT HE'S HURT!
HE'S GOT A SCRATCH.
BUT HE'S CUTE! IT'S FUN TO FUSS! WHY ARE YOU SO MAD, ANYWAY?
BECAUSE YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO WOMEN! HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF FEMINISM?
NO, BUT IT SOUNDS AWFUL.
COME ON, BRANDY-- COOL OUT.
YOU KNOW NUMBER NINE IS STILL A MYSTERY TO US! SHE WAS PROGRAMMED OR BRAINWASHED TO BE THIS WAY, IN THAT GENETICS LAB.
SHE CAN'T HELP IT.
I KNOW IT'S NOT HER FAULT, SHE DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER HER PAST, OR HOW SHE GOT THIS WAY!
BUT SOME SICK GUY, PROBABLY MY FATHER, HAS MANIPULATED HER INTO BEING HIS SICK IDEA OF THE PERFECT WOMAN, AND IT'S MAKING ME SICK.
IT GOES AGAINST EVERYTHING I STAND FOR!
EVERYTHING SHE SAYS--IT'S LIKE NAILS SCRATCHING ON A BLACKBOARD!
I CAN'T TAKE IT!
BRANDY...
BLOOD...

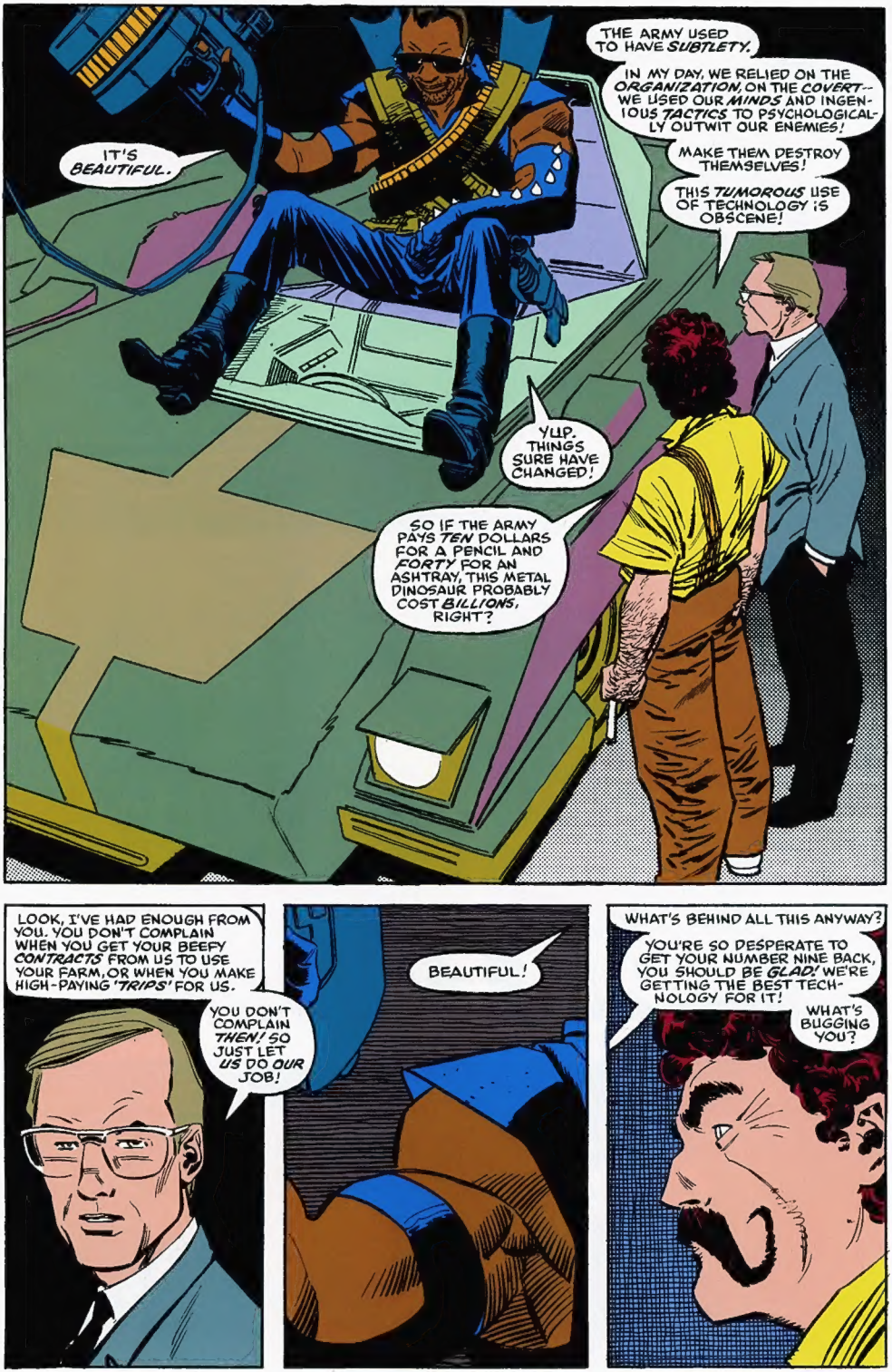

"THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME.
"WHAT ARE THEY SAYING? I CAN'T HEAR THEM, THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY...
"THE PERFECT WOMAN...
"WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I WANTED TO BE A CHEER-LEADER.
"WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I WAS LYING ON A BED WATCHING MOVIES OF MYSELF... AS A CHEERLEADER.
"DADDY!
"I LOVED MY DADDY...
"THE MAN WITH THE NEEDLE INJECTED THE LOVE RIGHT INTO ME...
"MY MOMMY TAUGHT ME HOW TO COOK AND CLEAN AND SERVE AND MAKE MEN HAPPY...
"SHE TAUGHT ME ALL THOSE YEARS, WHEN I WAS GROWING UP, IN THE TUBE...
"POOR BUNNY...
"POOR BUNNY NUMBER NINE...
"POOR NUMBER NINE BUNNY WAS AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED...
"NUMBER NINE..."
STOP!


STOP IT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH! WHAT'S THAT?
YOU WERE *HURTING* YOURSELF. YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT A *RABBIT* AND CUTTING YOURSELF.
OH!
IT'S OKAY, I HAVE A HEALING POWER! THEY GAVE IT TO ME...

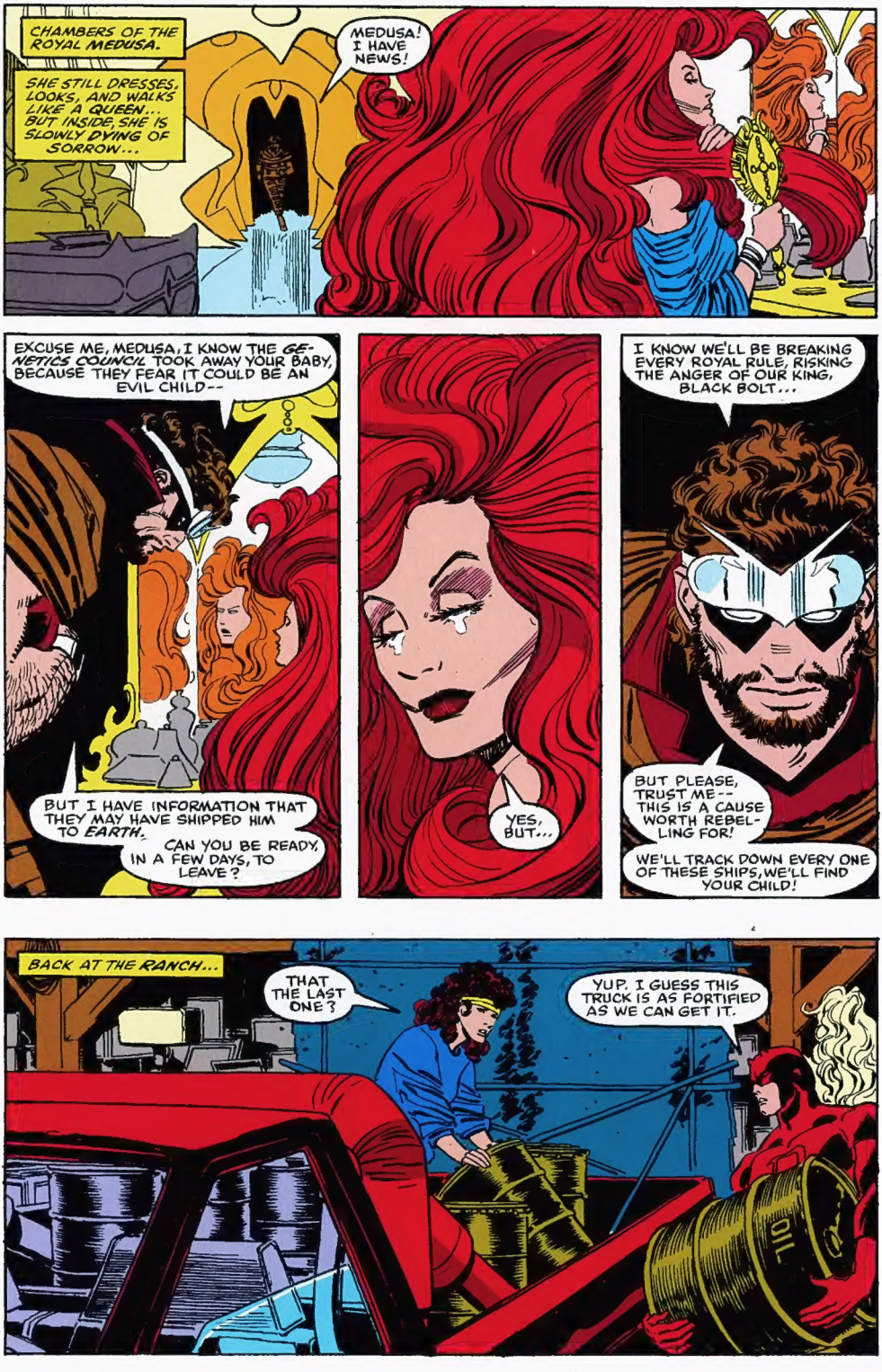
GIVE ME THE GLASS...
YOU'LL SEE, MY CUTS WILL HEAL, FAST, LIKE MAGIC!
NUMBER NINE-- TRY TO TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE DOING JUST NOW...

CUTTING. I THINK IT'S...
PHYSICAL PAIN-- IT HELPS DROWN OUT THE PAIN IN MY *MIND*...
CUTTING HELPS...

ELSEWHERE.
THIS IS *RIDICULOUS.*


IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
THE ARMY USED TO HAVE SUBTLETY.
IN MY DAY, WE RELIED ON THE ORGANIZATION, ON THE COVERT-- WE USED OUR MINDS AND INGENIOUS TACTICS TO PSYCHOLOGICALLY OUTWIT OUR ENEMIES!
MAKE THEM DESTROY THEMSELVES!
THIS TUMOROUS USE OF TECHNOLOGY IS OBSCENE!
YUP. THINGS SURE HAVE CHANGED!
SO IF THE ARMY PAYS TEN DOLLARS FOR A PENCIL AND FORTY FOR AN ASHTRAY, THIS METAL DINOSAUR PROBABLY COST BILLIONS, RIGHT?
LOOK, I'VE HAD ENOUGH FROM YOU. YOU DON'T COMPLAIN WHEN YOU GET YOUR BEEFY CONTRACTS FROM US TO USE YOUR FARM, OR WHEN YOU MAKE HIGH-PAYING 'TRIPS' FOR US.
YOU DON'T COMPLAIN THEN! SO JUST LET US DO OUR JOB!
BEAUTIFUL!
WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS ANYWAY?
YOU'RE SO DESPERATE TO GET YOUR NUMBER NINE BACK, YOU SHOULD BE GLAD! WE'RE GETTING THE BEST TECHNOLOGY FOR IT!
WHAT'S BUGGING YOU?

I'M ASKING YOU PO-LITELY--
--WHERE ARE THE FILES!
THIS IS ATTILLAN, HOME OF THE INHUMANS.
THEY LIVE ON THE MOON, WHICH MAY SEEM FAR AWAY, BUT EVENTS HERE ARE ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH DAREDEVIL'S LIFE...
GORGON! PUT HIM DOWN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
KARNAK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? ARE YOU PART OF THE PLOT?
WHAT PLOT? ARE YOU CRAZY?
STOP BULLYING THE WORLD FOR A MINUTE!
I HAVE THE LIST!
THE LIST OF ALL VESSELS THAT HAVE LEFT THE MOON RECENT-LY WITH ON-VESSEL CAPABILITIES TO TRANSPORT INHUMAN LIFE.
SINCE WHEN DID YOU DECIDE TO HELP?
LET'S JUST SAY I BROKE MY PROGRAM-MING.
ISN'T IT TIME YOU BROKE YOURS?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU CAN'T BULLY PEOPLE FOREVER, GORGON!
WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!
I WON'T LISTEN!


CHAMBERS OF THE ROYAL MEDUSA.
SHE STILL DRESSES, LOOKS, AND WALKS LIKE A QUEEN... BUT INSIDE, SHE IS SLOWLY DYING OF SORROW...
MEDUSA! I HAVE NEWS!
EXCUSE ME, MEDUSA, I KNOW THE GENETICS COUNCIL TOOK AWAY YOUR BABY, BECAUSE THEY FEAR IT COULD BE AN EVIL CHILD--
BUT I HAVE INFORMATION THAT THEY MAY HAVE SHIPPED HIM TO EARTH.
CAN YOU BE READY, IN A FEW DAYS, TO LEAVE?
YES, BUT...
I KNOW WE'LL BE BREAKING EVERY ROYAL RULE, RISKING THE ANGER OF OUR KING, BLACK BOLT...
BUT PLEASE, TRUST ME-- THIS IS A CAUSE WORTH REBELLING FOR!
WE'LL TRACK DOWN EVERY ONE OF THESE SHIPS, WE'LL FIND YOUR CHILD!
BACK AT THE RANCH...
THAT THE LAST ONE?
YUP. I GUESS THIS TRUCK IS AS FORTIFIED AS WE CAN GET IT.
OIL

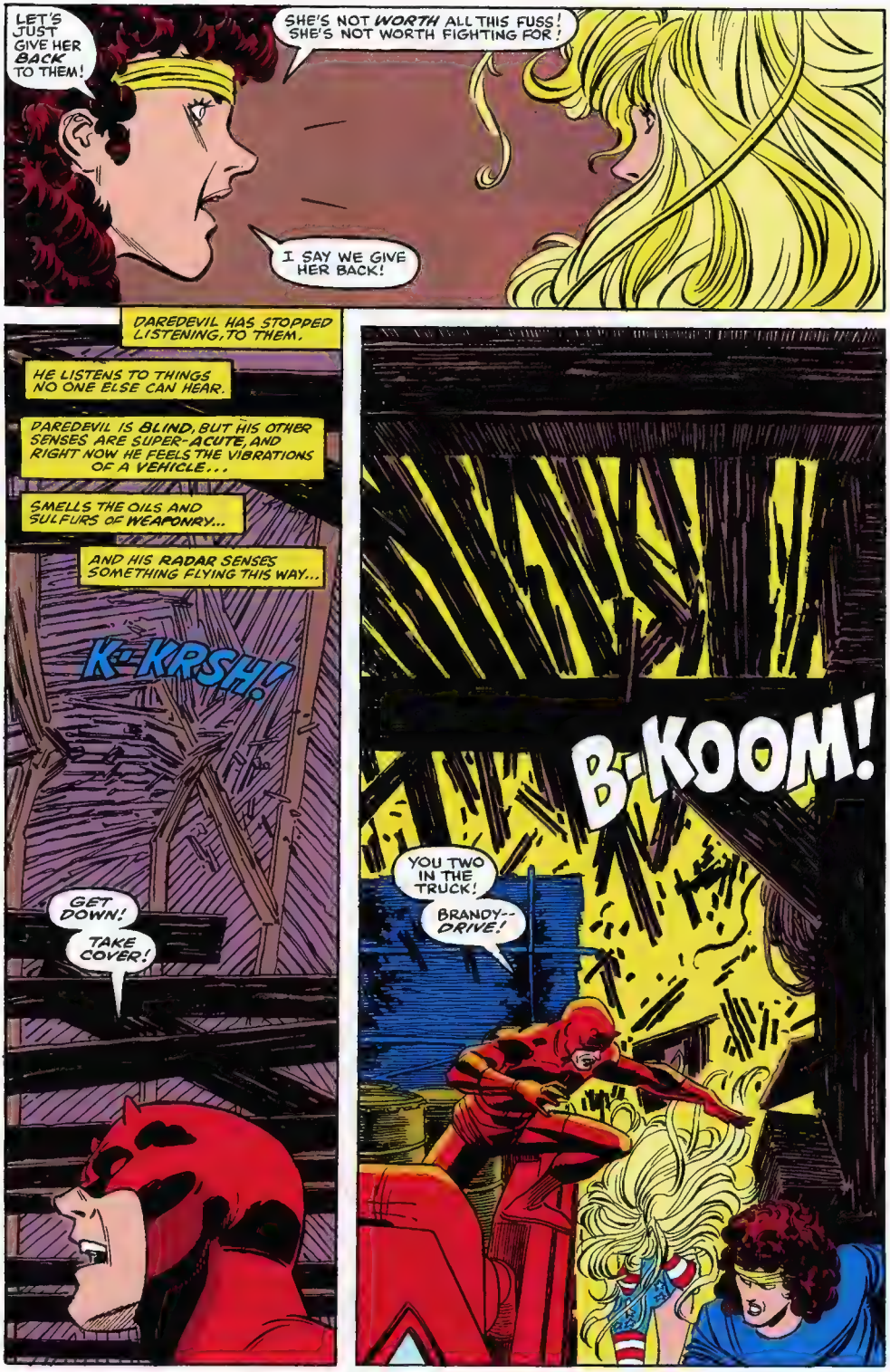
NUMBER NINE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
A GIRL SHOULD LOOK HER BEST IN BATTLE!
GOD GIVE ME STRENGTH, AND KEEP ME FROM SLAPPING THE LIPSTICK OFF THAT BIMBO!
BRANDY, YOU FIGHT FOR SO MANY *HUMANE* CAUSES, CAN'T YOU MUSTER UP SOME *COMPASSION* FOR THAT POOR GIRL?

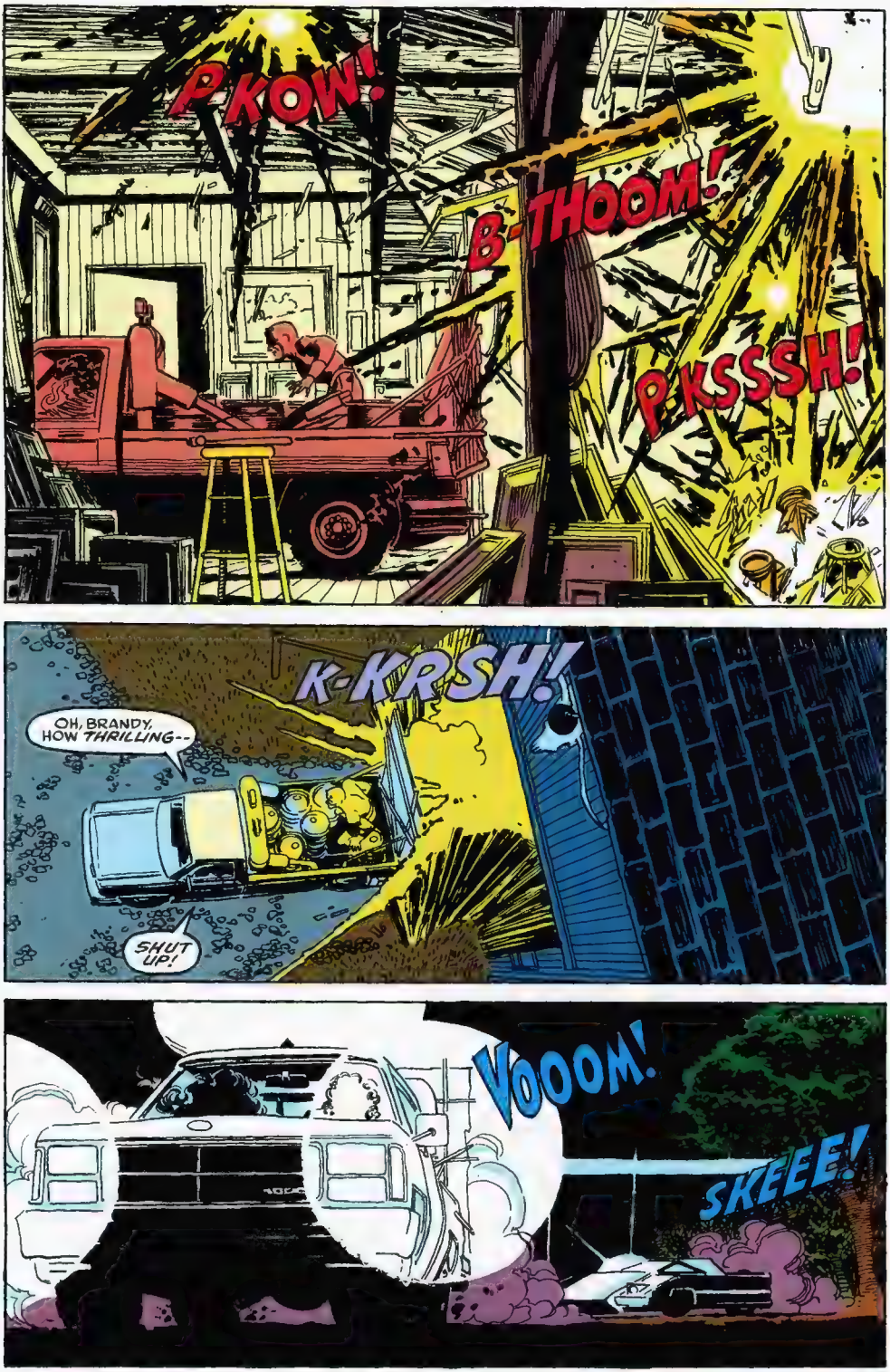
I PACKED A PICNIC LUNCH, IN CASE WE HAVE TO HIT THE ROAD!
DAREDEVIL, YOU REALLY SHOULD EAT, YOU'VE GOT ALL THOSE BIG MUSCLES TO KEEP STRONG!

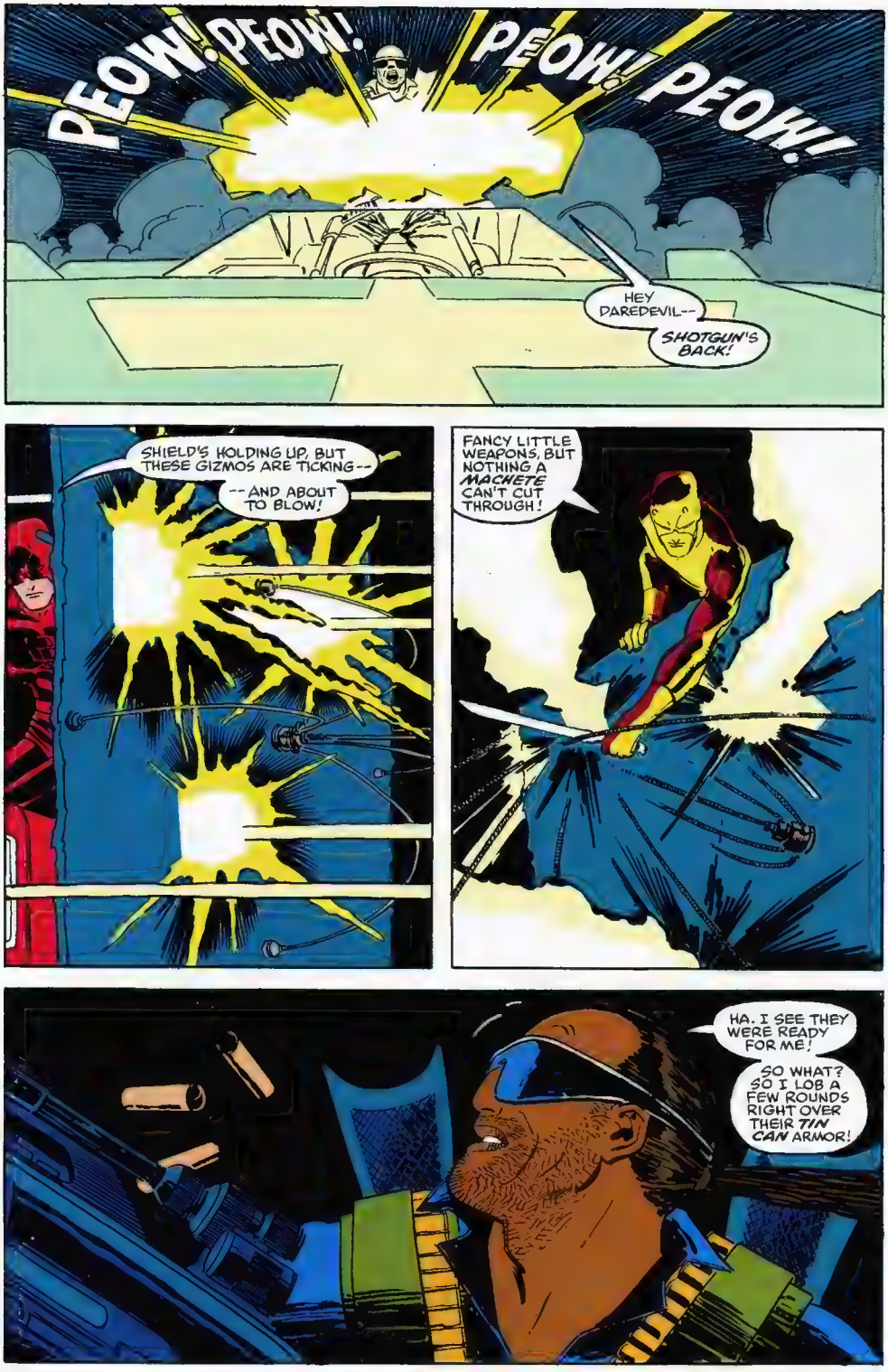
A *PICNIC* LUNCH--?!
BRANDY--EASY!
NUMBER NINE--I'M NOT HUNGRY, BUT THANKS.
COMPASSION, COMPASSION...
SO NOW WE WAIT, *FOREVER*, SINCE MY FATHER'S NOT GOING TO ATTACK HIS OWN DAUGHTER.

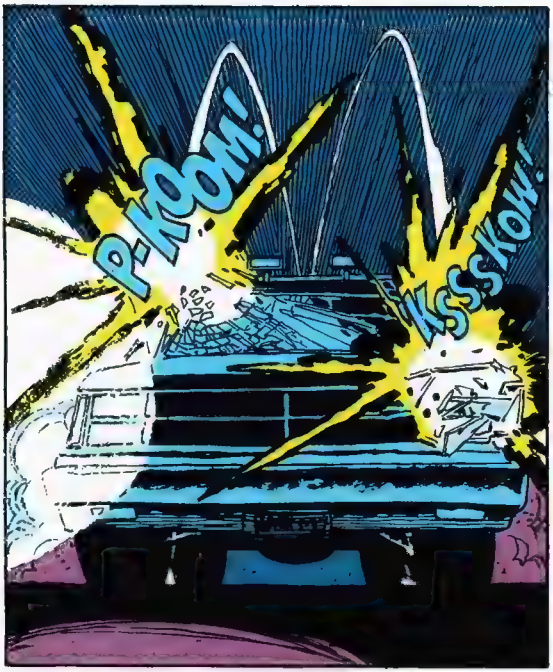
LOOK, WE WAIT THE NIGHT, AND IF NOTHING HAPPENS, GREAT.
THEN YOU TWO DRIVE OUT OF THE STATE TO SAFETY AND I'LL HEAD OVER TO THE FARM--
OUCH!

WHAT'S WRONG?
I BROKE MY FINGERNAIL!
THAT'S IT...


LET'S JUST GIVE HER BACK TO THEM!
SHE'S NOT WORTH ALL THIS FUSS! SHE'S NOT WORTH FIGHTING FOR!
I SAY WE GIVE HER BACK!
DAREDEVIL HAS STOPPED LISTENING, TO THEM.
HE LISTENS TO THINGS NO ONE ELSE CAN HEAR.
DAREDEVIL IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER SENSES ARE SUPER-ACUTE, AND RIGHT NOW HE FEELS THE VIBRATIONS OF A VEHICLE...
SMELLS THE OILS AND SULFURS OF WEAPONRY...
AND HIS RADAR SENSES SOMETHING FLYING THIS WAY...
K-KRSH!
GET DOWN!
TAKE COVER!
B-KOOM!
YOU TWO IN THE TRUCK!
BRANDY-- DRIVE!

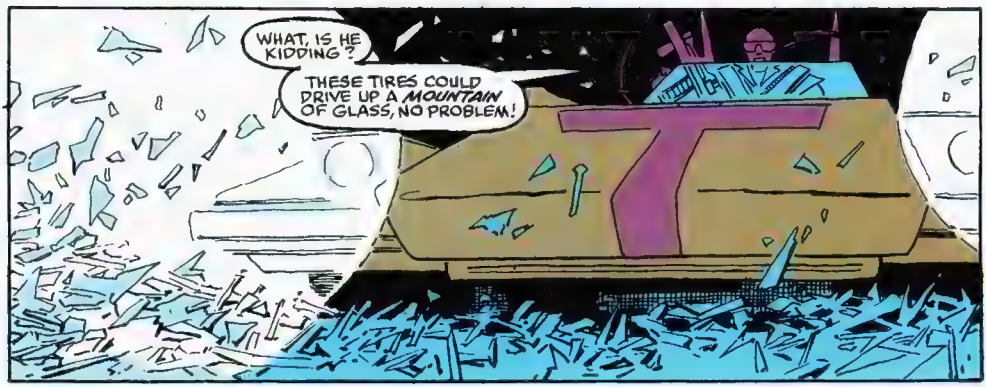

P-KOW!
B-THOOM!
P-KSSSH!
K-KRSH!
OH, BRANDY, HOW THRILLING--
SHUT UP!
VOOOM!
SKEEE!

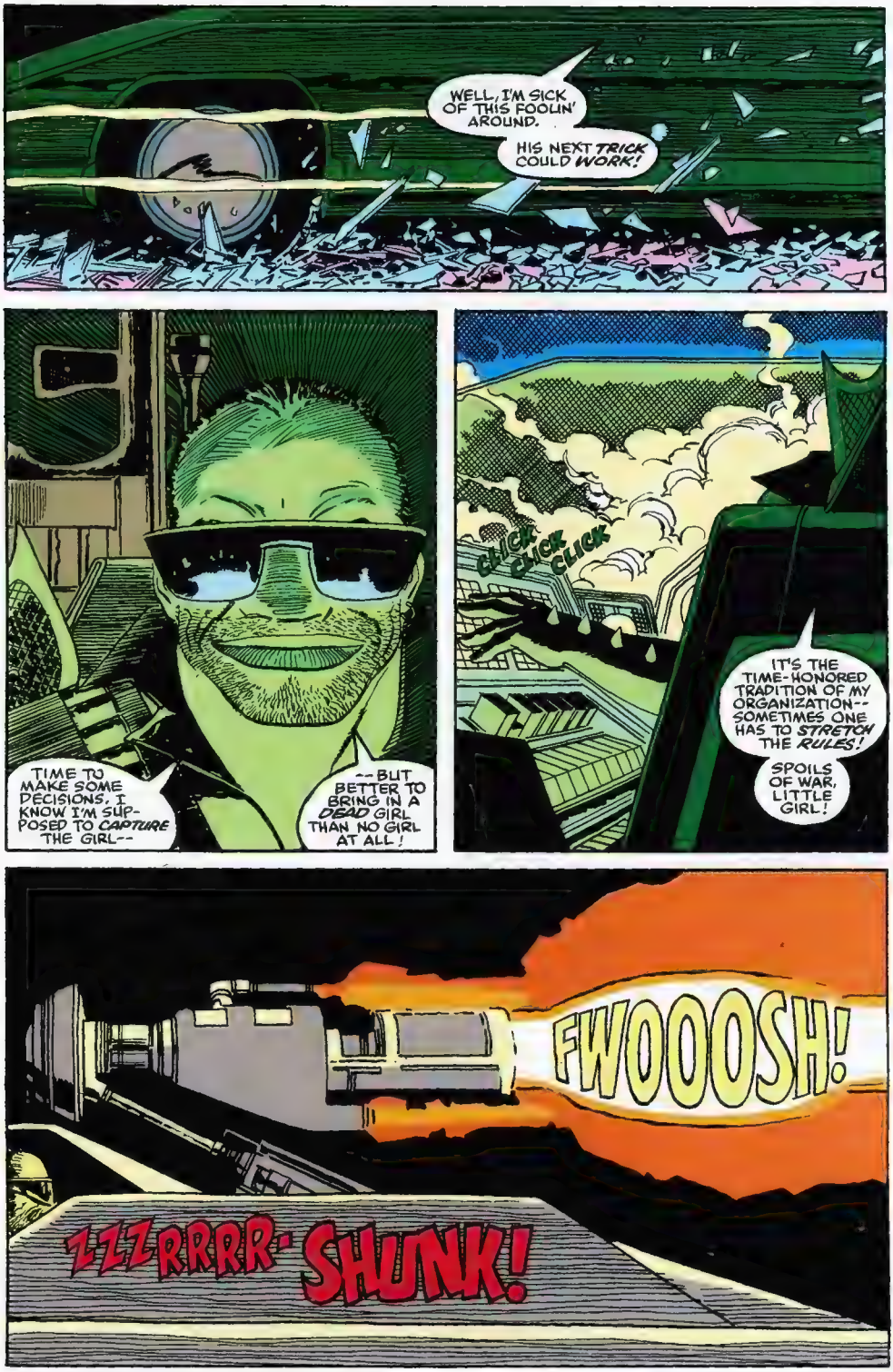

PEOW! PEOW! PEOW! PEOW!
HEY DAREDEVIL--
SHOTGUN'S BACK!
SHIELD'S HOLDING UP, BUT THESE GIZMOS ARE TICKING--
--AND ABOUT TO BLOW!
FANCY LITTLE WEAPONS, BUT NOTHING A MACHETE CAN'T CUT THROUGH!
HA. I SEE THEY WERE READY FOR ME!
SO WHAT? SO I LOB A FEW ROUNDS RIGHT OVER THEIR TIN CAN ARMOR!


P-KOOM!
K.S.S.KOW!

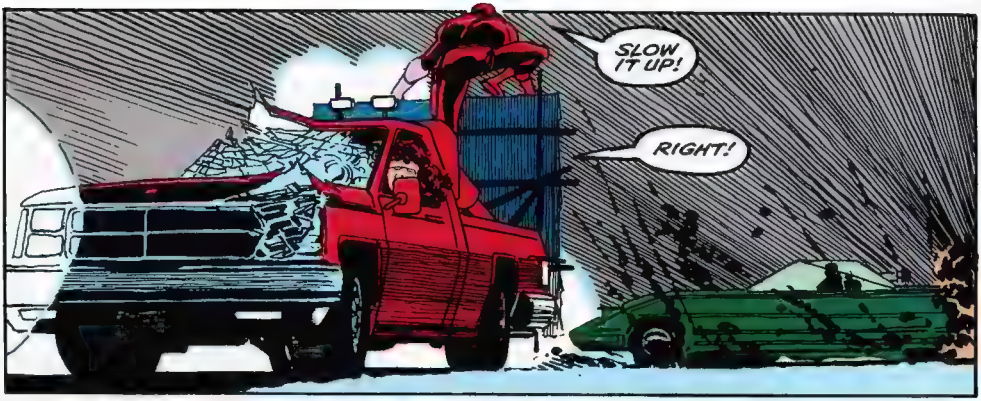
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD POOR DAREDEVIL OH POOR DAREDEVIL OH MY GOD WE'RE BEING BOMBED--
WOULD YOU PLEASE *SHUT UP*?!

THIS JERK THINKS HE'S RAMBO *AND* JAMES BOND!
HE'S GOT THE MOST HIGH-TECH HARDWARE I'VE EVER SEEN -- BUT HE ACTS LIKE A *KID* WITH A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN!
ALL *WE'VE* GOT IS SPIT AND VINEGAR, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO!
OUR *HOMEMADE GLUE* SHOULD MAKE ALL THIS GLASS AND METAL STAND UP RIGHT IN HIS PATH!


WHAT, IS HE KIDDING?
THESE TIRES COULD DRIVE UP A *MOUNTAIN* OF GLASS, NO PROBLEM!


WELL, I'M SICK OF THIS FOOLIN' AROUND.
HIS NEXT TRICK COULD WORK!
TIME TO MAKE SOME DECISIONS, I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO CAPTURE THE GIRL--
--BUT BETTER TO BRING IN A DEAD GIRL THAN NO GIRL AT ALL!
CLICK CLICK CLICK
IT'S THE TIME-HONORED TRADITION OF MY ORGANIZATION--SOMETIMES ONE HAS TO STRETCH THE RULES!
SPOILS OF WAR, LITTLE GIRL!
FWOOOSH!
ZZZRRRR-SHUNK!

BRANDY!
ON YOUR LEFT!
K-THOOM!
SKREEE!
THANKS!
SKREEE!
B-KOOM!
WELL, THIS IS OUR LAST BIT!
OUR LIVES DEPEND ON A BARREL OF OIL, VARNISH AND GLUE!
SKOEEEEEEEEE!
DARN!

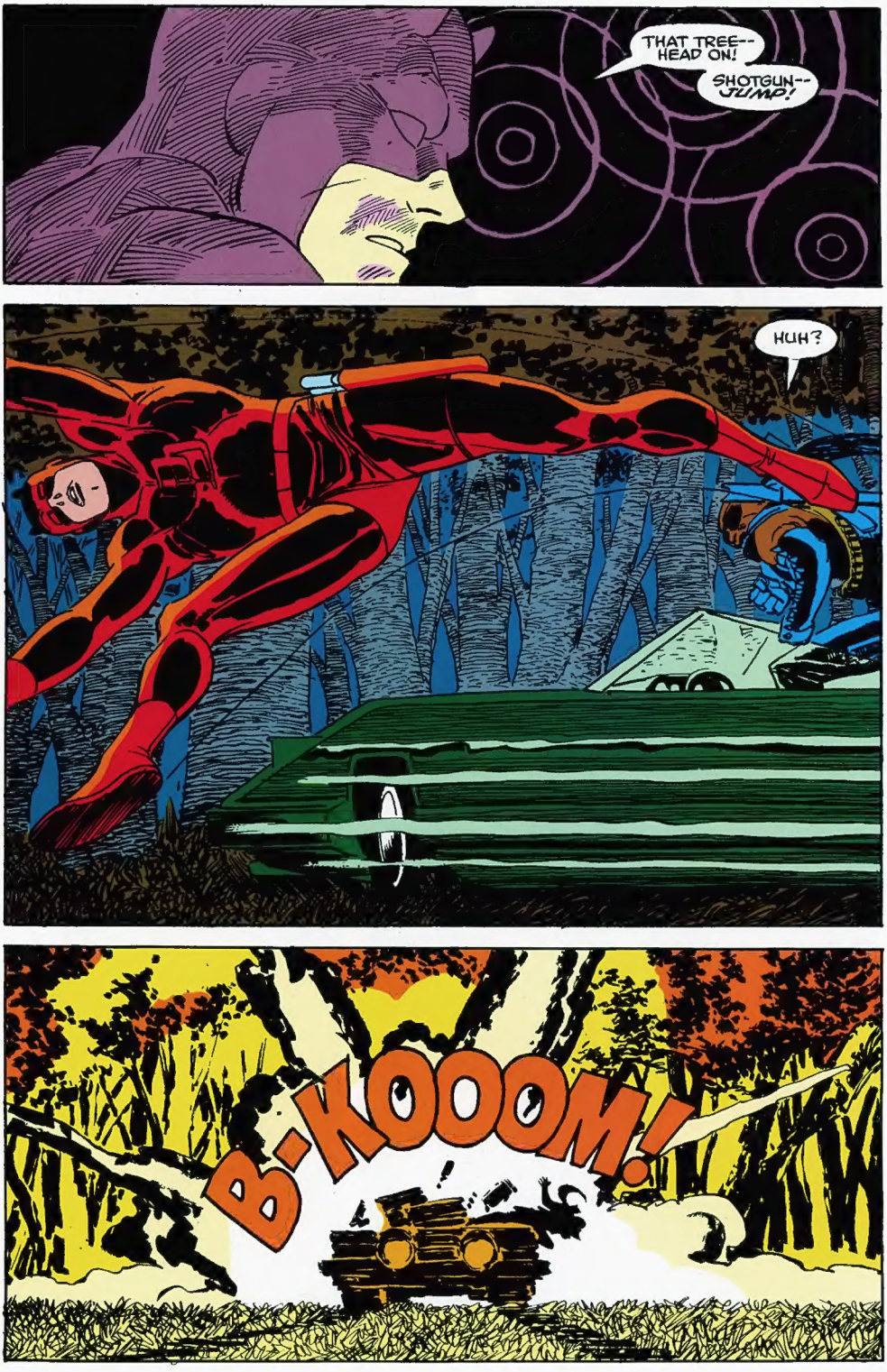

SLOW IT UP!
RIGHT!

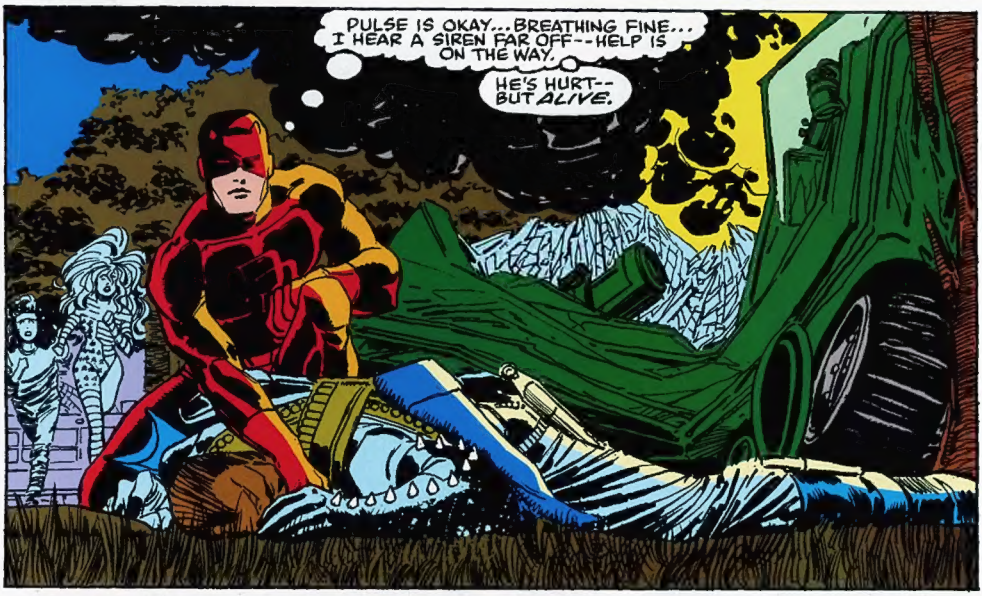
WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDING?
SAY YOUR PRAYERS!
THOOMP!

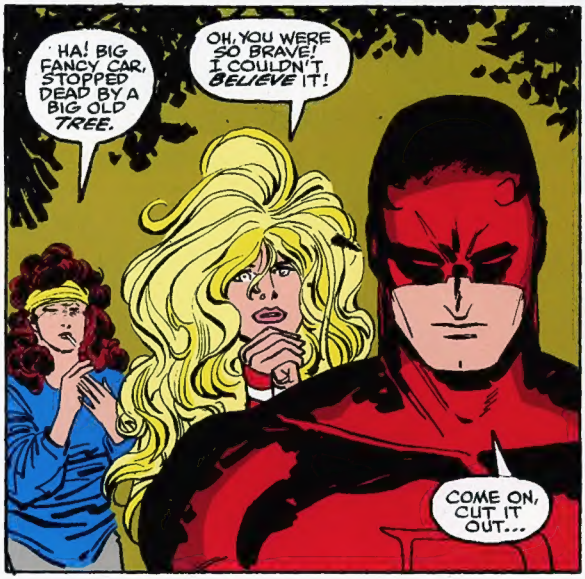
VOK!
SKEEEE!

CRACK!
P KOW!

VOK!
WOOOOSH!
KUNCH!


THAT TREE-- HEAD ON!
SHOTGUN-- JUMP!
HUH?
B-KOOOOM!


PULSE IS OKAY...BREATHING FINE... I HEAR A SIREN FAR OFF--HELP IS ON THE WAY.
HE'S HURT--BUT *ALIVE.*


HA! BIG FANCY CAR, STOPPED DEAD BY A BIG OLD *TREE.*
OH, YOU WERE SO BRAVE! I COULDN'T *BELIEVE* IT!
COME ON, CUT IT OUT...

HA. BIG HEAP OF EXPENSIVE TECHNOLOGY, BIG EXPENSIVE STOCKPILE OF GARBAGE-CAN HARDWARE!

YOU GET A LOAD OF THIS TANK HE WAS DRIVING?
WHO THE HECK PAID FOR THAT THING?
OUR WONDERFUL MILITARY?
YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE THAT HEAP COULD HAVE FED?
LUNCH TIME! I KNEW WE'D GET TO HAVE A PICNIC!
NUMBER NINE--NOBODY'S HUNGRY AND NOBODY'S IN THE MOOD FOR A SILLY PICNIC!
EASY, BRANDY--
BUT...
ALL THIS HEAP IS GOOD FOR NOW IS AN ASHTRAY.
I'VE NEVER KNOWN WAR TO END UP ANY DIFFERENTLY, BRANDY.
COME ON, PLEASE? AREN'T YOU HUNGRY?
SURE, NUMBER NINE. I'M HUNGRY.
HEY, THIS IS GOOD! THANKS!
YOU ARE PLEASED? OH, NOW I'M HAPPY!
GOD, GIVE ME STRENGTH!
÷ SIGH ÷
end